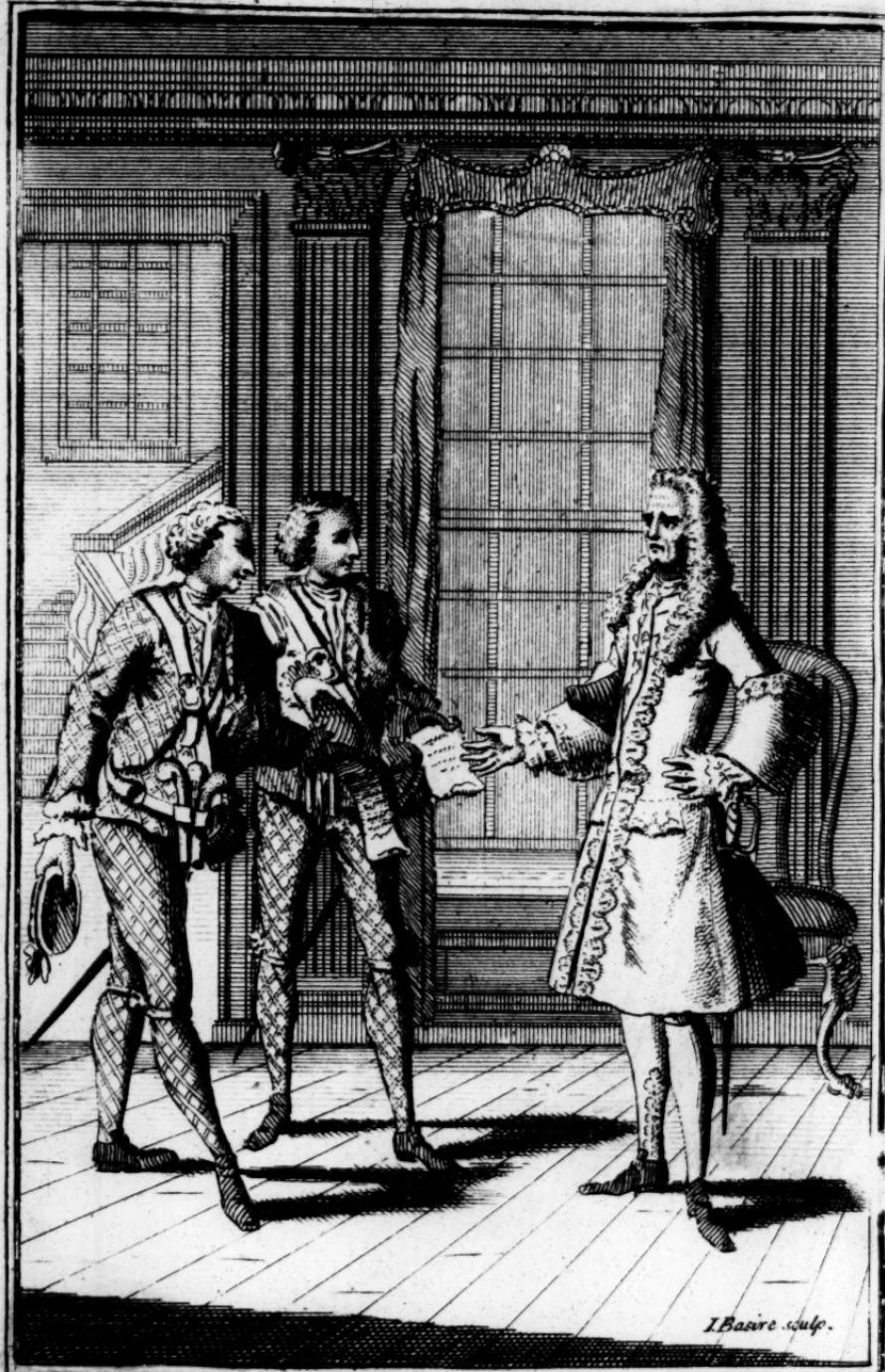


*J. Basire sculp.*



*J. Basire sculp.*

THE

1346.c.31

SCOTCH FIGGARIES:  
OR,

A Knot of Knaves.

A

COMEDY.



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# Dramatis Personæ.

*Smalifaith*, A declining Magistrate.

*Domuch*, } Magistrates continued.  
*Surebold*. }

*Folly*, The Court Fool.

*Focky*, } Two Scotch Beggars.  
*Billy*, }

*Scarefool*, a Scotch Soldier.

*Resolution*, an English Soldier.

*Worn-out*, a Courtier.

*Downfall*, a Lawyer.

*Soongull'd*, a Citizen.

*Lay-me-down*, his Wife.

*Mrs. Smalifaith*.

*Anything*, a Parson.

A Seminary.

*Trapbeir*,

*Pinckcarcase*, } Blades of the Time.

*Townshift*,

*Drawforth*,

*Witwud*, } Two Bubbles.

*Wantwit*,

A Crew of Country People,

*Vintner*, *Drawer*, *Soldiers*, *Servitors*.

A Publick Notary.

THE





THE  
SCOTCH FIGGARIES.

---

A C T I.

*Enter Jocky with his Wallet.*

Jocky.  SIRS! thes eyr has a mickle  
geod Savcur, I ha creept thus  
fer intol th' Kingdom, like an  
Ervigg intoll a Mons Lug, and  
fall as herdly be gat oout. Ise  
sa seff here as a Sperrow under  
a Penthooe. Let the Sheriff o' Cumberland gee hang  
himself ins own Gartrofts, Ise ferr enough off him,  
ans Fellow Officer th' Hangman noow. I a Scot  
Theff may pass for a trow Mon here: Aw the emp-  
ty Weomb and thin Hide I full oft bore in Scotland,  
an the geod Fare I get here! Be me Saw Ise twa  
Yards gron about sin I cam fro Scotland, the Deel  
split me gif I cam at thee mere Scotland. Ise een  
noow ny the bonny Court, wur meny a Scot Lad is

## 6      *The Scotch Figgaries.*

gron fro a Maggot ta a bran Goose; marry Ise in  
geod Pleight. Weele *Scotlond*, weeble, tow gaffit  
me a Mouth, but *Anglond* mon find me Met; 'tis a  
geod Soile geod Feith, an gif aw my Contremon  
wod plant here, th'od thrive better thon in their  
non.

[Enter Billy.]

In the foule Deele's Name wha's yon? A sud be me  
Contremon by's scratin an scrubbin; A leokes like  
*Scotlond* it sell, bar an naked; A carries noought  
bet tha walth o Can aboot him, Filth an Virmin.

*Billy.* Aw *Scotlond*, *Scotlond*, wa worth tha tim I  
cam oout o thee; Ise like tha wandering *Jew* ha  
worn my Hoofs sa thin as Pauper, and can get ne  
Shod for um; *Anglond* has geod sooft Grond, bet  
tha Peple ha mickle hard Hearts; Aw *Billy*, *Billy*,  
th'ad better ha tane tha Stripe for stelling in *Scotlond*  
(bet thot 'tis a Sin ta rob the Spettle) an ha thriv'd  
by't, thon ta come ta be hangd here, or sterv'd;  
tis keen Justace a Mon sud dee sick a deeth for mack-  
ing use o his Honds, I ha ne oder Mamber woorth  
ought.

*Jocky.* On's Mon what gar thee in these Pickle?  
how camst hither?

*Billy.* Een on me ten Toes Sir, and thay err worn  
oout now, thay'l fer me ne longer.

*Jocky.* Wha tha Deele fall mend 'um? sham faw  
thee, a *Scot* an cannot shift.

*Billy.* A lack Sir, a Mon mo not stell here for's  
Neck, and Ise mickle sham ta beg.

*Jocky.* How Mon, not bag! Ons th'art nen a me  
Contremon than.

*Billy.* Ey marry that am I, geod Feith Ise a *Scot*,  
an boorn at *Andra keddin*.

*Jocky.* I thoought sa be thy iddle Leife; what  
gar thee cam hither?

*Billy.* A lack Mon I sud a bein whopt aboot tha  
Toown o *Barwick* for theiffing in *Scotlond*, bet brock  
Gale and scapt it.

*Jocky.* Hadst tow tha Conscience ta stell fro thy  
own

## The Scotch Figgaries.

7

own Contre, an hast noot tha Eece ta bag in an oder? fy Mon, fy. Ons hoow thinkst leive? [Opens his Wallet and shows him Meat.] Leoke her Mon, leok her, sa tha Virtu o bagging. A Sir d'ye drop, d'ye drop at Mooth Sir?

*Bil.* Ey Sir, sike a Seight ma mack a Mon sown.

*Joc.* Sow up your Chops in tha Deeles Nam, gif you cannot bag ye fall not eat Sir.

*Bil.* Geod Feith an I ha noot eat un Morsel thes twa Daies, cam awey Mon, cam awey.

*Joc.* Ne, ne, Sir stey your Fercnes, keep your Fangs off Sir, yee ma ha tha Mang.

*Bil.* Ne geod Feith, Ise a clere skind Lad.

*Joc.* Bet monstrous loowzy.

*Bil.* Doonbt not that Sir, thay'l pin ta Death Sir, for I ha noought ta fed 'um bet Sken, an that's twa toough for thair Teth— cam awey Mon, sum Che-rete good Contremor.

*Joc.* Weele set doowne—leoke thee here Mon, thes gis tha Leg o a *Anglysh* Prest. [They sit down to eat.

*Bil.* Sey yee sa Mon.

*Joc.* Reight weeblehay bein mad up o Cappon an whit Broth, thay mack their Carcase fat, bet their Soills len; d'ye thenk St. *Andra* wad a fested sa mickle gif a cud a gat sike Met as thes? Ne, ne, by me Saw Ise hang than; he was sterv'd, thay fare deliciously; he wos loowzy, and hod no Sheft, thay bien buried aleife in fin Lenin an lown Sleeffes; he stunk abo grond, thay bien swetten'd leiving an deed, abo an under Grond; A me Saw St. *Andra* had ner don sa meny Marvailes gif a had stuft his Carcase sa full as thay.

*Bil.* Geod Feith I main pass for a Sent ten, for me Carcase is bar an thin enough.

*Joc.* Ey for Sent Theff, for he ner did Miracle— thes Torky Leg cam fro a Merchant's Table, thes Widgin's Wing fro a Citizen's, an thes Goose's Leg fro a Lawyer's.

*Bil.* Bred, thay mack mere preambly 'boot thair Boody then aw tha Peple in Cristendum de aboot

thair Saws, how hadst tow tha Fece ta speeke at se  
meny Dores Mon?

Joc. Ay Sir, I fall tach yee ta beg bravely, mind  
ye me noow Sir, I stoll twa Cowes fro me Con-  
tremon and gar tham agat ta *Comberlond* ta seele,  
bet tha plaggy Shrieff gar tham tak fro me, an sent  
me toll tha Gale, bet I gat loose, an sa cam foward,  
an in tha Noorth I met a iddle Turnies Lod, wha  
mad me thes Certifice, an sat aw tho'e Jeftece Nams  
tol't, that tha Sheriff o *Comberlond* had den me  
mickle wrong, an sa Ise cam up toll th' King for  
Jeftece.

Bil. Geod Feith, wad I had sike an oder.

Joc. Cam awey Mon, heft thee, fill thy Weomb,  
an get thee on yon sid Mon, an Ise kep o thes, an  
sa nen fall scap us—hark ye me Mon, you mon tell  
'um you cam o geod Parentage, an ha lost aw your  
Siller as ye cam for *Anglond*—you mon speeke a hy  
Mon, an noot lick a Mole under Gron peft herring.

Bil. Weele, weeble, Ise be avis'd be you, gif you  
far weele I fall noot far amiss.

[Enter a Courtier.]

Joc. Gang awey Mon, gang awey Mon, seest  
tow, seest tow yon braw Mon tofore thy Eyne.

[Billy runs towards him.]

Bil. —Bles your Honor, Ise speeke a Word or  
twa ta your Honor.

Cour. My Honour! — Pox on your fawning Hide,  
what would you have with me and be hang'd?

Bil. —Ne, ne, Sir, I pray your Honor wax  
noot wrothful, Ise a Mon o geod Ranck in my own  
Contre, an ha kept geod Beasts.

Cour. Ay, for some Body else, thou dost not look  
as though thou wast ever worth one.

Bil. Ne, ne, Sir, me non proper Geods geod  
Feith; I cam wi mickle Siller in me Purse ta *Ang-  
lond*, weeble Clad.

Cour. With some old Curtains that bore St. *And-  
rew's* Story, or Childrens Blankets stole, and turn'd  
to Trowfers.

Bil.

## The Scotch Figgaries.

9

*Bil.* Ne geod Feith, I ha een bien robb'd o aw.

*Cour.* Rob thee; of what? had he a mind to be lowfy? but this is an Engine laid to draw a Piece of Silver to ye, is't not so.

*Bil.* Your Honor speekes mickle weel.

*Cour.* —There—there's some of your Countrymen at Court live better by this Trade than you.

(*He gives him Money.*)

*Joc.* Un Word ta your Honer.

(*As he goes Jocky meets him.*)

*Cour.* Hy day, another! I'm Way-laid; hast thou been robb'd too?

*Joc.* Ne, ne, Sir, ne, tha Shriefe o Comberlond has dun me mickle Wrong Sir.

*Cour.* Whipt you about the Pig-market.

*Joc.* A has tacken awey me Cowes Sir, an aw me Geods, see here Sir, I ha aw thos worthy Jeftece Nams ta testifie.

*Cour.* There is no Beggar like the Scotch Beggar for Tricks and Impudence—Come what must discharge me from you Sir, and your Bellowing?

*Joc.* Geod Faith, Sir, I wont Siller ta get Jeftee.

*Cour.* —Hadst thou had Justice done thee, thou hadst been hang'd long before this.

*Bil.* Bred, he's a Fortune-teller.

*Cour.* There—that will serve to buy you Oatmeal; Sir, there is no more of your catter-walling Companions here-abouts, is there?

*Joc.* Ne, ne, Sir, ant lick your Honer.

*Cour.* Ne, ne, Pox on your Nees and your Noes too; I'm glad I'm rid of you. (Exit.)

*Joc.* Noow Sir, ye had noot tha Fece ta bag, hoow lick ye it noow Sir, what ga he toll ye.

*Bil.* Thes smaw Pece o Siller.

*Joc.* A geod Beginning Mon, tolld a ye noot sum o our Contremen liev'd at Court by Baggin.

*Bil.* I sea noow a *Scot* may ly by atorete, an beg wi Permission—Weele to Curt ta, an ly sa fest as tha beest o'um.

A 5

*Joc.*

10 *The Scotch Figgaries.*

*Joc.* Be me Saw an that's herd ta dee.

[ *Enter Mr. Folly.* ]

Seest tow, seest tow Mon, yon braw Fellow, wi'his  
Gold Rop aboots Neck, an's long Cot lick a Sark,  
geod Feith he's ta herd for twanty o'um.

*Bil.* He's tha Feul, gis a neot?

*Joc.* Ey, ey Mon, A has feul'd himsell intoll  
mickle Fevor, gif a feul himsell noot oout agen—  
sey a cams aneult us Mon, wees speeke toll him—  
Bless your Honer Sir, bless your Honer, Ise gled ta  
sea your Honer in Health.

*Folly.* Be me Saw th'art a bold Fellow.

*Joc.* I'm your own Contremon Sir, I ken your  
Honer mickle weeble, blesb your Worship.

*Fil.* Kenst tow me Mon?

*Joc.* Mickle weeble an't lick your Honer, I ken  
your Honer weeble enough, your Honer is the  
King's Feul.

*Fol.* A Mon, he kepes mere Feuls than I; bred  
he's kepe tow ta gif tow canst feul him; how far  
*Scot* art tow?

*Joc.* Marry Ise a mickle wey oofe noow.

*Fol.* Bet I wad kne whar tow wert boorn.

*Joc.* Gin me Moders Weomb, Sir, forty Years  
agaft.

*Fol.* Ons Mon speeke toll me i what Pleice o *Scot-*  
*lond* wert tow boorn.

*Joc.* Geod Feith, gin meny Sir, I ha bien boorn  
fro Pleice to Pleice a me Moders Back, Sir, and ha  
leffered mickle Sorrow.

*Fol.* The fow Deeble tack thy large Lug, wha  
was thy Fader.

*Joc.* A Mon Sir, surely.

*Fol.* The black Deeble a was Sir, whar liev'd a?

*Joc.* A Sir, at a Pleice your Honer kens mickle  
weeble.

*Fol.* Whar Mon, whar?

*Joc.* A Sir, a Sir, what Pleice caw ye that Sir,  
whar your Honer nurst the tyny Babe wi Wull on's  
Back, Sir?

*Fol.*

## The Scotch Figgaries.

11

*Fol.* Oout tha faw Deele, oout Rog—bet wha art tow Mon?

*Bil.* I'm een yar Contremon twa Sir, cam ta bien a Curtier ta Sir.

*Fol.* Ons a Curtier! a Carter, tha Hangmon, tha Deele.

*Bil.* Ye ha geod Friends thar Sir, ye may demickle for us.

*Fol.* Dee Mon! bred, he that fall dee for thee fall ha enough ta dee; art geod for oought? wha canst dee for thy sell?

*Bil.* Een what ye sea, Sir.

*Fol.* Oout, thes is base, it shams your Contre, mind ye me; wha o ye swaine ha mest Wot?

*Joc.* He that sheft beest.

*Fol.* Reight weeble.

*Joc.* And that's een I, thes Feul had noot a Fece ta bag toll I bolden'd him.

*Fol.* Oout, oout Mon, sham Feect.

*Bil.* Ne, ne, I fall grew bold enough gif I fall get oought by't.

*Fol.* Gif ye had Clad, Sirs, what Curs wad ye tacke to liew?

*Bil.* Ise cud mak tha King, bless his Worship, an't lick your Honer, mickle geod Puttins an Pots-loose.

*Joc.* I'd bien oth Mint, Sir, I loove ta finger Siller.

*Fol.* Weele Sirs, cam awey wy me, for Contres sak Ise gat ye sum Purveyance, an sum Lodging, an tan we fall find oout sum Woork for ye emong 'um here.

*Joc.* Bless your Honer for your Benefaiks. (Exit.)

[ Enter Townshift and Traphier ]

*Town.* Pray recollect yourself, I cannot do't. Without a Los to my Repute and Fame, If you have but a Foot of Ground unsold. Therefore consult your Thoughts, my Willingness Shall not be wanting to procure your Freedom;

But

But I'd not have a dirty Piece of Land  
Bring an Obstruction to't.

*Tra.* Why? as I live  
I have not an Inch left; what e'er I mortgag'd  
Is either sold out-right, or forfeited:  
I lye not, on my Credit.

*Town.* How's that Man?  
Have you Credit then? Why, that's as bad.  
It is not held convenient by the Huff,  
Lords of the Sword, that any Youngster should  
Be one of us 'till he has not only lost  
His Estate and Credit too.

*Tra.* Upon my Life,  
Dear *Townbift*, I've not Credit for a Thrips;  
Thou know'ft it well enough, my raging Laundress  
Will not do't for the washing of a Shirt.

*Town.* Why, have you Shirts then?  
*Tra.* One as I live, no more, and that so thin,  
You may draw't through a Needle.

*Town.* What Boots have you?  
*Tra.* I cannot call these any, yet th'are all;  
And as for Stockings, I have long ago  
Held them unnecessary.

*Town.* Why this Cloke,  
An th' Weather warm and friendly?

*Tra.* 'Tis too much;  
The Weight on't, I confess, is not to be borne;  
I'll ease me of the Burthen, it shall sink  
In Sack when I'm made free, prithee about it.

*Town.* I would not for the World you should  
have any  
Remnant of Estate left, 'twould undo you.

[ Enter *Drawforth* and *Pinck-carkase*. ]  
See here's my Brothers, *Drawforth* and *Pink-carkase*.  
May I presume to recommend you to 'em?

*Tra.* You may, you may, dear *Townbift*.  
*Drawf.* How now *Trapheir*,

What is all gone yet?

*Town.* All he swears by's Twibell,  
His Cloke excepted, and its Time expires

Within

## The Scotch Figgaries. 13

Within this half Hour; shall we make him free?

*Pinck. Trapheir,* you now are to begin the World,  
Which you cannot do handsomely, unless  
Your Land and you be separated, and if  
Ought lie conceal'd, 'twill rise in Judgment against  
you;

Therefore pray have a care, 'tis Christian Council.

*Drawf.* It is not fit the least Piece of your old  
Adulterate Fortunes should corrupt the new;  
Your Wit must purchase.

*Town.* Right, beside he'll ne'er  
Have a refin'd Wit till he has nothing left.

*Tra.* The greatest Enemy I have Gentlemen is  
my Cloke,  
And I promise I'll see it no more.

*Pinck.* Say you so, then to the next Tavern;  
Boy—Boy—a Room.

[ *Enter Drawer.* ]

*Draw.* Please you to walk into a Room Gentlemen?

*Town.* What call we thee for else?

(*They pass in and enter again.*)

*Draw.* How like you this Room Gentlemen?

*Town.* Indifferent; bring us Wine and Tobacco  
of the best, Sirrah.

*Draw.* You shall indeed, Sir.

*Tra.* Dear *Townshift* thou must shew this Gentleman  
The Way to the Brokers. (Pointing at his Cloke.)

*Town.* Is he for Sale or Mortgage?

*Tra.* For Sale by all means, I'd not charge my Me-  
mory

I've ought left worth redeeming.

[ *Enter Boy with Wine.* ]

*Drawf.* Bravely resolv'd— Is't Racie?

*Draw.* Right Racie, Sir, believe me.

*Pinck. Trapheir* to thee.

*Tra.* Drink apace, dear *Townshift*,  
The Sight of that same Gentleman's my Torture,  
I prithee rid me of him. (To his Cloke.)

*Drawf. Townshift,* swear him.

*Tra.*

*Tra.* I cannot with safe Conscience swear as long as that appears before me.

*Town.* How shall I get it out o'th' House?

*Tra.* Leave thine here, and wear mine thither.

○ how I hate to call it mine—away with it.

(*Exit Townshift.*)

*Pinck.* Trapheir you now must exercise your Wit To live on others, as we've liv'd on you; Wit's never good till purchas'd, what though't be With the Loss of Fortune's Trumpery and Trash; Content ne'er dwells among dirty Land; who sells it Parts with a deal of Care, and scurvy Toil; Men never are ingenious that are clog'd with it. The generous Spirit will not be coop'd up In that same Country Cage, a Mansion House, And Confines of the Buttery; be free, Thou art not worth a Groat When this is spent..

[*Enter Townshift.*] [

*Tra.* How much, how much, dear *Townshift*!

*Town.* But Thirty, by my Valour.

*Tra.* Down with't, down with't;

(*The Money laid on the Table.*)

I'll not put up a Dodkin on't; dear *Townshift*, Drink, drink away, I thirst until it's melted, Your moulten Silver swallows best.

*Dracuf.* His Oath, his Oath.

*Town.* Your Sword.

(*Lays his Hand on the Hilt of his Sword.*  
*By this Hilt, and this Blade,*  
*Which at Hounslow was made,*  
*You swear to be true*  
*To what shall ensue.*)

First, You swear not to make it any Scruple of Conscience to cheat your Father; That you will hunt after young Heirs, and when you have cours'd them out of Wind, you'll refresh 'em with some Scrivener, Broker, or Draper; That you'll keep always three Strings to your Bow, to make it bend till it break; That having gotten a Bubble or Bishop,

shop, a Lad of the last Adoption, that you make him sensible of a Wench, though to the Charge of a Surgeon, it being Reason all Trades should live, and if Occasion be, wink at small Faults. Next, be sure to keep them continually at Game, or Drinking; urge 'em to quarrel, and then take up the Busines, but not without Profit to the Brotherhood: That what Quarrels soever arise among ourselves, must not cause us to fight with one another, but the Coin of the Bubble or Bishop must make us Friends; That you must not pay your Coachman but with Kicks, unless your Bubble or Bishop do, and then he owes you a Fare; That your Bubble, or Bishop, and you, keep but one Purse, though two Drabs; That when you have drained him dry, you make him free, if he sue for it; if not let him keep Company with the *Tityre tu's*, and live upon the Sin of *Sodom*; That you'll take your Chance of the Day, where there is need of Dipping without grumbling.

*That while you can stand  
With Sword in your Hand,  
You'll not be in aw  
Of the Halberteer Law;  
Kiss this — Now you're free  
Of the Huff's Company. (Kisses the Hilt.)*

*Tra.* Hey for the Brotherhood; no Wine stirring,  
Boy?

You Rascal, where's your Duty? absent? ha!  
More Wine.

[ *Enter Drawer.* ]

*Draw.* You shall Sir by and by.

*Tra.* Bring a Glas will hold  
A Pint at least, I hate a Thimble-full;  
We shall ne'er have consum'd this mighty Mass  
If we sip thus like Sparrows;  
Ay marry, this looks like some Brother to you all.

(*Pointing to the Money.*)

[ *Re-enter Drawer.* ]

*Draw.* Gramercy.

*Tra.* Sirrah, cover the Board with Bottles,

This

This is our Coronation Day, the Room  
Shall swim in Wine; be frolick Huffs, and drain  
Me dry, yet I shall live when you are all hang'd.

(He begins to be drunk.

*Town.* How now, how now, *Trapheir!*

*Tra.* Drink and be damn'd;  
Must I wait on your Drivelling?

*Town.* Drawforth to you—Charge him home.

*Drawf.* *Trapheir*, a whole Bottle to thee—I'm  
up to the Chin.

*Tra.* — So, so, Sir, — you are a fine Fellow; is all  
paid?

*Town.* No, all's not come in yet.

*Tra.* I'll stay no longer.

(He takes Townshift's Cloke up.

*Town.* Pray leave my Cloke behind you.

*Tra.* Your Cloke, Sir? how came it to be yours,  
Sir? I have one some where.

*Town.* Yours is at the Broker's, Sir.

*Tra.* Is it so, Sir? I thank you for your Information.

*Drawf.* There lies the Virtue on't.

*Tra.* So Sir, I thank you twice, for once I care  
not if I put my Cloke in my Pocket.

(He snatches up the Money.

*Town.* But *Trapheir*, *Trapheir*.

*Pinck.* Who pays the House?

*Tra.* Let the House pay itself; dip, dip, and be  
hang'd you that have Clokes, am I bound to fill  
your infatiate Gorges eternally?

*Pinck.* What Asses were we to let the Money lie  
so long, knowing his rascally Humour, he'll not  
pay a Penny when he's in drink — See what thou  
canst work him to.

[ Enter Drawer. ]

*Town.* Boy.

(They whisper.

*Draw.* Sir — I shall, Sir.

*Town.* *Trapheir*, a Prize, *Trapheir*.

*Tra.* Of what; Sprats?

*Town.* A Gudgeon Man, a Gudgeon's come to Net;  
The Master of the House desires Admittance,

To

To play a Game at Ticktack for a Piece;  
And thou know'st Trapbeir.—ha—

(He shakes his Arm.)

Tra. I know it Rogue;  
And thou shalt play with him for all he's worth;  
I'll venture on thy Hand my whole Estate,  
This my trusty Blade. Provided always Sir—

[Enter Master of the House.]

Town. That you have half—'tis granted—he's here;  
Thou know'st I have no Money.

Tra. Thou shalt not want, dear Bully, I'll not leave  
My self a George. (He gives him his Money.)

Town. Spoke like thy self, come be so.  
There, Sir, pay your self.

Master. You are kindly welcome Gentlemen;  
fetch my Quart.

Tra. Death, what's this?

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha—Only the Reckoning paid, Sir.

Tra. You are Rogues, Sharks, and Cheats; I'll  
indict you.

Pinck. Buoy good Sir, employ your Tongue at  
Billingsgate; adieu, adieu.

(Exit Town. Pinck. Drawforth.)

Tra. Farewel and be hang'd. For your Part,  
Sirrah, I'll have you up for keeping of a Bawdy-  
House. (Exit.)

Mast. Do your worst Sir, do your worst. (Exit.)

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## A C T II.

Enter Folly, Jocky, and Billy *very gallant.*

Fol. Y'ar mickle braw Sirs, y'ar mickle braw;  
bred, ye leoke mere lick Burgeemasters  
noow than Hedg Creepers; ken ye your fells Sirs?  
ken ye your fells Sirs?

Joc. Geod Feith, Sir, gif aw that sud ken them-  
fells, nen wad ken us; A me Saw Sir, I'd rader ha  
'um trast me than ken me, fur gif thay sud ken  
me reight, thay'd sea me deed tofore thay'd trast me.

Fol.

*Fol.* Yar mickle wise Sir, ye ha rob'd a Feul Sir.

*Joc.* We wish you weeble Sir, we wish you weeble.

*Fol.* Sey ye sa Sir? y'ar vary cheretable; ken ye me Sirs? Ons, ye are gron see loofthy you'll knee ne Body; wha set you up in tha Deeble's Nam? wha, wha put thes gay Fethers on your Back? eene I, an noow yol flee away to tha Deeble: Harke ye me Sirs, gif ye bien sa high, Ife tack ye down wy a Plague ta ye; wha had y'ar intail'd Virmine tane off ye wy a Murrain? wha, wha gat ye a —

*Bil.* Oour Faders and Moders, Sir.

*Fol.* Did thay saw Sir? bred, gif thay gat ye, thay ner cud gat Feod enough for yar fide Weombs: Are you Provander-prickt noow Sirs? ha, wha am I? ha Sirs, ha, wha am I?

*Bil.* Oour geod Friend Sir, blisse you.

*Fol.* The Deeble wound ye, sleight ye me? Ons Ife sa geod a Mon gas aw in *Scotlond*, an ha mere Sil-ler in me Purse.

*Joc.* *Anglyb* Stamp Sir, I bleev't.

*Fol.* Ye bleev't! wha tha Deeble cares for your Bleeff?

*Joc.* Geod Sir, geod Sir, be sober.

*Fol.* Bred, Ife not drunken? ha ye bien at cost wy me Sirs? ha! Ife fall uncafs ye Sirs, an gee your Arse tha Ayre agen; are ye sa hot Sirs? want ye a Cooler? Bred, Ife gee ye sik a Rattle wy a Rom ore tha Riggins, fall mack your Ribs reore Sirs.

*Joc.* Geod your Honor put up your Wroth, an wees buckle oour Wots; wees yar on Contremons ye knee weeble enough.

*Bil.* Ad sud leove won oder; y'ave a geod Mester Sir, an oour Contremon, wha macks mickle o you.

*Fol.* Bred, an Ife mack sa mickle o hum as I can.

*Joc.* He's a geod Mon, Sir, an you ha Wot enough.

*Fol.* Ken you that Mon, ken you that? Ons, an ye bien not wud ye ma ha Wot ta chep enough; bet ife ne Body, my Benefaits are noought woorth.

*Joc.*

*Foc.* Y'ar aw Body Sir, wees at your Commandment.

*Fol.* Sey ye sa Sir? why, noow you speeke; be vis'd by me, an ye fall sout-wot 'um aw; mind ye me Sirs, will ye be avis'd?

*Foc.* Sed ye Sir, wy aw our Hearts.

*Fol.* Ise ha' ye turn Dooctors.

*Foc.* Ise a Dooctor, a Dooctor; geod Feith wees mack braw Dooctors.

*Fol.* Mind me Mon, mind me, thes Kingdom's mickle sick, tha Curt o tha Cety, tha Cety o tha Curt, an tha Contre o beoth, an aw o 'um o tha Kirke, an tha Law; tha Kingdom's Livergon wy Iddlenes an Raches, an noow noought can cur it bet a *Scotch Dooctor*, ne matter for your Skill.

*Foc.* Geod Feith, Sir, wees ha Skill enough ta bleede its Siller Veins Ise warrant ye.

*Fol.* Ha bet confidence, lye, an dissemble hand-somely.

*Bil.* Wees yar on Contremen, Sir, dooubt it not.

*Fol.* The Nam o a *Scot* gis enough ta cur aw their Maladies; ge 'um Peson, an thay'l tack it for a Cordal; perswad 'um thay ar sick thay'l beleeff ye, an gif ye mack um sick thay'l beleeff thare in beest Helth, bet ye mon carry sem show o holliness wy ye, an profess aw for thayr Geods.

*Foc.* Sa we fall Sir, an tack 'um whan we ha deon.

*Fol.* *Billy* fall gang toll th' Contre, an tow salt kep behind, an bien Dooctor here, an giff tow hast Wot enough tow canst noot wont Werk.

*Foc.* Ne geod Feith, Ise fall mack me sell Werk enough, for gif I can hel ne Distampers Ise mack enough emong 'um. (Exit.)

*Fol.* Cam awey than, cam awey.

[ Enter Trapheir and Boy. ]

*Boy.* — 'Twas Morning ere he went to Bed, Sir.

*Tra.* — All's one; tell who 'tis, and 'twill be Warrant

Enough for your awaking him; 'tis Busines  
I come about, and of Concernment too,  
That cannot admit delay.

*Boy.*

*Boy.* I'll venture then to call him, Sir. *(Exit.)*

*Tra.* Do so—If this Design  
Of mine prove prosperous, *Townshift*, it will be  
Some Comfort to me that I am even with thee.

[ *Enter Boy.* ]

*Boy.* He'll wait upon you presently,  
He's rising. *(Exit.)*

*Tra.* A good Lad—*Townshift* arm thy self, for I  
am prepar'd  
To give thee an Assault, and dare thy Action  
At Law, if Wit and Sword should fail,  
Dear *Townshift*.

[ *Enter Townshift.* ]

*Town.* By this Light I have not slept  
A Minute; what's the News? you serv'd us bravely  
The other Night at Tavern.

*Tra.* Oh this drinking!  
This perillous drinking will destroy us all:  
Thy Pardon, my dear Heart, the Business now  
I come about will try thy Friendship.

*Town.* How?  
I hope no Quarrel.

*Tra.* Yes, with my base Stars.

*Town.* But what's the matter, tell me?

*Tra.* That's my meaning,  
A Sort of rascally Bailiffs dog'd me hither,  
And thou know'st if I be once taken, I am  
A Slave perpetually.

*Town.* What wouldst thou have me to do?  
We'll send to *Drawforth* and the rest.

*Town.* 'Twon't do,  
They'll make but a Disturbance in the Street,  
Yet I may be surpriz'd for all their Valour,  
And then I am undone; the Hopes I have  
In one I am to dine with is lost, which might  
Be worth to thee and me some hundreds, Bully.

*Town.* Send for him now, let him take up the  
Business.

*Tra.* What, ere I'm thoroughly known to him;  
besides,

Should

## The Scotch Figgaries. 21

Should he take this up, twenty more would follow it,  
Who knowing me so low now, do forbear  
To execute their Rigour.

*Town.* What wouldest have me do?

*Tra.* Hearke thee, I've thought upon a fine Deceit;  
Hast any Patches in thy Chamber?

*Town.* Rare ones,  
Of all Sorts.

*Tra.* One to disguise my Face, with a Cloke, would  
Do it to the Life.

*Town.* Sure they are gone, I'll send to see.

*Tra.* Oh hang 'em Rogues, they are sculking at  
th' Lane's End,

Or some blind Alehouse—Dearest *Townshift* do't.

*Town.* Do what?

*Tra.* Lend me thy Cloke, and I'll contrive a Patch  
Shall cover my Left Eye, they may not know me.

*Town.* I know not what to do—I should go forth  
my self.

*Tra.* Nay prithee *Townshift*—

*Town.* Will you leave  
Your Sword then; you'll have no—

*Town.* Prithee wouldest have me  
Pass by 'em unprovided, put the worst  
They should descry me.

*Town.* There's no Trick in't *Trapheir*!

*Tra.* No more Trick in it than you see; I pri-  
thee meet me in *Fish-street*, at the *Feathers*, where  
we'll dine; there thou shalt see my Friend, and I'll  
restore thy Cloke, dear *Townshift*.

[Enter Boy.]

*Town.* Well, thou shalt have it—Boy fetch  
My Cloke and Patches— (Enter Boy with Cloke.)  
"Tis thine, there take it. (Gives it him.)

*Tra.* Gramercy; it's handsome!

*Town.* Very well; I must lie down and take a  
Nap; at Twelve

I will not fail to meet thee. (Exit.)

*Tra.* Sirrah, Boy, be sure you awake him.

*Boy.* I warrant you, Sir.

(Exit.)

*Tra.*

22      *The Scotch Figgaries.*

*Tra.* Ha, ha, ha,  
I'm sworn to cheat my Father, and 'tis fit  
He that first made the Gin should handsel it. (Exit.

[ Enter Smalfeith, Folly, and Jocky. ]

*Smal.* —Sir, you are kindly welcome, and the  
oftener

You visit me, the welcomer you shall be;  
I honour Men of Knowledge. Master *Folly*,  
I am oblig'd to you for his Acquaintance.

*Fol.* —Geod Feith, Sir, an he's worth yours; I  
fall play him wy any *Anglysh* Dooctor in tha Warld.

*Joc.* Ne Sir, Ise can dee mere than Ise speeke, Sir.

*Smal.* —I believe you Sir,  
By what I find of Truth within myself;  
I must confess, I am not altogether  
So right as I would, my Body tells me  
I may admit of Physick.

*Joc.* Mickle weele, Sir.  
*Smal.* I'm troubled with the Spleen, a strong Disease  
Amongst us Magistrates, which makes me fear  
'Tis not for Cure.

*Joc.* Ise cur it in twa Minutes gif ye ha  
Bien trobl'd wy it twanty Years, an aw  
Your Tribe gif tha'l cam toll me.

*Fol.* Ne, ne, he's right.  
*Smal.* You'll do a wondrous Cure then.  
*Joc.* I sali dee't o me Honor; bet that's noot aw  
Your Maledy, ye are noot foound at Hert Sirs.

*Smal.* I know not that Sir.  
*Joc.* Planty an Iddleness ha bred gross Humours  
in you, whilke mon be pourged away, or elke ye  
dee for't; bet Ise fall ge ye that Sir, fall mack ye  
bare an leight enough.

*Smal.* I thank you Sir; accept this, pray, and I  
Shall further gratify; but be speedy,  
Good Sir, with your Preparatives. [He gives him Gold.

*Joc.* Ise gang aboot it stret, Ise gang aboot it Sir.  
*Smal.* Your Servant Gentlemen, I shall hear from  
you Sir. (Exit.

*Joc.* Soone, mickle soone, Sir;

Leoke

Leoke Mon, leoke aw thay bien sick o gis sike fin  
Things as thes, fiev golden Lads Mon, fiev mere  
are woorth a Leard's Land Sir; geod Feith gif  
their Vaines wul ran sike Droops as thes wees drain  
um dry —A simble Feuls, that ken noot whan  
th'are weeble, bet wull bien wasting thair Means  
toll set thair Boodies oout o frame — a Feuls, Feuls.

Fol. Ne Matter Mon, gif ought can be gut wy  
putting um oout o fram, tha Deele try his Skill to  
put 'um in agen for Jocky. (Exit.

[ Enter Billy with a Crew of Country People. ]

Bil. Kepe off Sirs — kepe off, ga me wund toll  
speke toll ye; Ise cam for aw your geods, mind  
ye me?

Omnis. Very well, very well.

Bil. Ise cur aw Diseases, aw manner o Maladies, an  
fall tack nougth o ye for me Peyn bet your Siller; gif  
their bien ere a Kirke Prest emong ye choak'd up  
wy Pluraltes o Benefits, tha Poowder in thes Pau-  
per macks the Impostum breck, an tacks aw away  
clere — Gif any Prest bien vext wy tha Babylonish  
Mang, thes Purgation med in me non Contre, curs  
hum were he ner sa fer spent.

(He disperseth his Papers.

1 Coun. For our Doctor Sir, for our Doctor.

2 Coun. For our Vicar.

3 Coun. For our Parson.

4 Coun. For our Curate.

5 Coun. For our Bishops, Prebends, and Curates.

Bil. Gif eney emong ye bien troubl'd wy tha  
Neyce o Organs in your Lugs, thes Poowder curs  
you for ever. (He disperseth, &c.

1 Coun. For our Town Sir.

2 Coun. For ours too Sir.

3 Coun. And ours, and ours, Sir.

4 Coun. And our whole County, Sir.

Bil. Gif eney among ye bien blind wy tha Seight  
o Lawn Sleeves, thes curs and restores ye.

(He disperseth, &c.

1 Coun. For my Landlord, Sir.

2 Coun.

24      *The Scotch Figgaries.*

1 *Coun.* For mine too, Sir.

2 *Coun.* And mine.

3 *Coun.* And mine.

4 *Coun.* And mine.

5 *Coun.* And mine.

*Bil.* Gif eny emong ye ha tha Beon of a tith'd  
Soow's Babey stick in your Wund-pip, thes Saw curs  
you stret, an tak aw away.      (*He disperseth, &c.*)

1 *Coun.* For me Sir.

2 *Coun.* For me too Sir.

3 *Coun.* And me Sir.

4 *Coun.* And me Sir.

5 *Coun.* And me Sir, pray.

*Bil.* Gif eny emong ye bien trobl'd wy Heart  
Burnings, tha Poowder in thes Pauper curs ye stret.

1 *Coun.* For my Neighbour Sir.

2 *Coun.* And mine Sir.

3 *Coun.* And mine too Sir, I pray.

4 *Coun.* And some for our whole Town, good Sir.

*Bil.* Gif eney o ye bien sore wy ore mickle Bur-  
dens, an weary o your Riders, thes Poowder macks  
ye strong ta orethraw um, or ta bar greater.

*Omnes.* For us all Sir.

*Bil.* Gif eny o your Stomacks bien opprest wy  
Law, thes Pell fall remoove tha Cause, an tack it  
away.   Gif eney bien hard boound, thes fall mack  
mickle free.

1 *Coun.* For my Landlord Sir.

2 *Coun.* For mine too Sir.

3 *Coun.* And mine Sir.

4 *Coun.* And mine Sir.

5 *Coun.* And mine Sir.

*Bil.* Gif eney emong ye bien trobl'd wy a scvrvy  
Mooth, thes tacks aw Felth away.

1 *Coun.* For my Wife Sir.

2 *Coun.* For mine Sir.

3 *Coun.* And mine Sir.

4 *Coun.* And mine Sir.

5 *Coun.* And my Mistress Sir.

*Bil.* Gif eney bien trobl'd wy a Loosnes, thes  
ties 'um test as a Rope or Hawter.

1 *Coun.*

1 Coun. For my Wife, Sir.

2 Coun. And mine Sir.

3 Coun. And mine Sir.

Bil. Geod Peple, noow I ha gau ye aw Remedies ta your Maladies, twa Dees hence Ife fall bien her or noot to sey whot Operation thay ha had upon ye; Ife sur ye fall ha Remedy or non; an sa far ye wall.

(Exit.

Omnes. Farewel, Sir, farewell.

(Exeunt.

[ Enter Trapheir and Witwud. ]

Wit. A pretty Place this.

Tra. But the Company!

The Company dear Coz hither resorts  
Gives Life and Sweetness to't; the rarest Wits!

So rare! a Man may lose himself ere he

Discover 'em—for they are not to be—

[ Aside.

Discovered—Besides, the Women, Ladies

Of such excelling Beauty, you would swear

They painted—and not be forsworn, as merry

As Cupid when he wantons.

Wit. And you spent

Your Means amongst 'um?

Tra. And spent rarely well!

I've no Remorse for't. Can you sing?

Wit. Not I Coz.

Tra. How Coz? not sing! why then you are no  
Company;

We have a merry Life so long as it lasts.

I'll lay my Life you fence not neither.

Wit. Yes,

My Grounds I do.

Tra. Have you the Grounds of Fencing? that is, to  
Make the Paslado, to retrieve, comply,  
Defend, make-up, close, and disarm;  
You know this I warrant.

Wit. Not I truly.

Tra. I cannot think what will become of you,  
When you meet Men of Valour.

Wit. I pray keep me  
Out of their Company, I love no Quarrels;

I came to study the Law.

Tra. At a fine Time.

Y'ave bought no Books I hope.

Wit. Ay, but I have.

Tra. Return them to the Bookseller for shame;  
A Sword will prove more useful: Hearke Coz,  
I am resolv'd to learn to fence.

Wit. I'd rather learn to sing.

Tra. That ye shall too:

[Enter Townshift.]

Your Money will do all Things—yonder's *Townshift*.  
How like a Rogue he looks? I will not shun him. (Aside.  
And Cousin, as I was telling you

(*Townshift pulls him by the Sleeve.*

Town. With your Leave, Sir.

Tra. 'Twas well ask'd, Sir,

What's your Will with me?

Town. My Cloke Sir—where's my Cloke Sir?

Tra. Even at the Broker's Sir—

Town. How!—you are a Rogue.

Tra. That's nothing Sir—your railing will not  
fetch it out again.

Townshift I love thee, thou know'st I do.

Town. A Pox upon you.

Tra. Thou know'st the Oath, I'm not to spare my  
Father.

And tho' we quarrel, yet we must not fight.

I'm punctual to my Oath; but if thou hast

The Conscience, I am ready. (Offers to draw.

Town. Is he sunk forever?

Tra. No, it may rise again, if you be civil.

Town. Is that your Friend?

Tra. And Kinsman.

Town. Wilt thou cheat him too?

Tra. My Oath is past, I will not be forsworn  
For a King's Ransom.

Town. Nay then, I'm satisfied.

Tra. Come, be known to him—Coz, this is my Friend.

Town. Sir, I kiss your Hand.

Wit. I thank you heartily Sir.

Tra.

*Tra.* Fie, Coz, fie, there's a Complement.

*Wit.* He does not look as though he needed ought,  
Save what thou want'st, a Cloke.

*Tra.* Good Wit, Coz, good Wit.

*Town.* Oh Rogue, how he claws him.

*Tra.* Where shall's dine?

*Wit.* I'll to the Ordinary.

*Tra.* Where?

*Wit.* In *Fetter-Lane*.

*Tra.* To feed on *Bruis*, and be serv'd with *Linen*  
As sable as the Chimney. No, we'll take  
A Coach, and hence to *Fish-street*.

*Wit.* What shall we do there?

*Tra.* Eat Fish; the World does not afford the like.

*Wit.* But the Coach is costly,

*Tra.* Pough, I'll be at that;

• 'Tis said the Milk of Asses makes Men fat. (Exit.

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### A C T III.

Enter *Jocky* and *Mrs. Smalfeith*.

*Joc.* **F**Y Mastres, fy, geod Feith y'ar mickle oout;  
I ga hum noought bet convenable Stoof.

*Mrs. Smal.* Y'are a Rascal, a *Scotch* Horseleech, a  
Doctor, a Dolthead: Oh the Madness of the Men  
of these Times; if any of them be but a little out  
of Temper, none can set them right but a *Scotch*  
Doctor forsooth, as though all the *English* ones were  
Fools. But Sirrah, Sirrah, it is well known my  
Husband [*She runs at him.*] was never distempered,  
till he came acquainted with such a Decoy as you—  
Curse on the Time— (Weeps.)

*Joc.* Geod Mastres hark ye toll me.

*Mrs. Smal.* Hang you Rascal, my Husband was  
never troubled with Whimsies in his Head, nor  
never rail'd against his Superiors; he was ever a  
quiet Man, and an honest Man, and had the  
Love of the whole Court, and so had I too. Many  
a good Turn have the good Gentlemen done me,

which I must never expect now again, so violently  
my Husband is against the Government, but if he suf-  
fer for't, thou shalt not wear a Nose to thy Face;  
a Nose to thy Face said I? nay if there be a Sign-Post  
in all this Town I'll hang thee on't—Ah poor Heart.

[ Enter Mr. Smal-faith. ]

Here he comes—See what a Pickle you have put  
him in; my Fingers itch to come at thy Face, that  
ugly Face of thine. (She runs at him.)

Joc. A me Saw shee's a Deeble, and wull spell  
aw my Market gif I ser her noot lick him; thes ges  
o tha sam Powder, whilke gif sha smell ta, wull  
mack her sa lick him as may be.

Mrs. Smal. Sweetheart.

Mr. Smal. Oh, art thou there? 'tis well; there  
has been ne'er

A Pursuivant here yet to fetch me, has there?

Mrs. Smal. A Pursuivant for you! for what Cause  
Husband?

Mr. Smal. I am too honest, that is Cause enough.  
There is a Council-Table, Ye forsooth,  
And at it is contriv'd Men's Ruins—hah. (Starts.)  
Who's that? who's that? is't not for me they ask?  
I shall be lost quite, if I look not well about me.

Mrs. Smal. True, y're in the Way to undo  
Yourself, and me, and all your Family.  
But this is thy Gin Rascal; Oh I could tear thee.

(Runs at him.)

Joc. Mistras ga me whil toll speeke toll ye; thes  
Wudnes o his, cam fro tha Corruption o his Hert:  
Aw that I ga hum was sike as thes, be me Saw,  
smeel Laddy, smeel Laddy.

Mrs. Smal. I have not Patience.

Joc. Ne, ne, be noot wud, smell toll it. (She smells.)

Mrs. Smal. Methinks 'tis very comfortable. (Starts.)

Joc. How doll ye geod Sir?

Mr. Smal. Oh Mr. Doctor, is't thee! art safe?  
'Tis wonderful there's nothing charg'd against thee!  
There is an Office call'd the Green-Cloth too,  
Has no Man had thee there yet?

Joc.

*Joc.* They ken me sa weeble Sir — It warks brawly.  
(She starts again.)

*Mrs. Small.* Hark you Husband, what is that you said but now ? I believe it, what was't ? the King is pestilent, wilful ; hah ! was't so ? why then for ought I know, he must be beaten into better Manners.

*Joc.* Reight weel sed geod Feith.

*Mrs. Small.* Honest Mr. Doctor, pray come in Sir ; You are the welcomest Man come to my House This Fortnight — Husband love him, has he not A taking Countenance ?

*Mr. Smal.* No body at the Gate ? (Starts.)  
I am posse'd with Fears and Jealousies.

*Mrs. Smal.* And well you may be Husband, I am sure You have had cause enough, good Man, I grieve, I grieve to think on't.

*Mr. Smal.* Mr. Doctor be advis'd ;  
Pray go not unprepar'd ; To-night you shall take  
My House for your shelter, Things work strangely.

*Mrs. Smal.* Sweet Mr. Doctor you shall be so welcome,  
It passes ; truly, y're a Man upright  
In every Thing I warrant, pray come in Sir.

*Joc.* Geod Feith, tha Cais is awter'd. (Exit.)

[Enter a Crew of Country People.]

*1 Coun.* Bring forth your Prongs Neighbours ; All Men stand up for the Truth : And he that will lye on the Sunday, is not to be trusted the Week after ; what say you Neighbours ?

*2 Coun.* I say a Sunday's Lye may go as far as a Work-day's ; my Reason is, it has more leisure to travel.

*3 Coun.* For my Part Neighbours let them lye that will, I have no more to do with a Lye, than a Lye has to do with me ; if any lies with my Wife, it shall go hard but I'll do as much with his.

*1 Coun.* If, if he have one Neighbour.

*3 Coun.* Why, if he have none Neighbour, I must go without ; no Man will be a Slave I think.

*2 Coun.* A Slave ! who has such a Mind to let him

## 30      The Scotch Figgaries.

have it still: For my Part Neighbours, I'll work hard, earn my Bread with the Sweat of my Brows, none shall eat away the Fruit of my Labour, but I will sit down when it is done, and laugh, in despight of all the Cæsars in the World.

4 Coun. Hold a Pluck there Neighbour, 'tis ill playing with Edge-tools; that Word Despight comes not in handsomely, and may bring us all to the Pot.

3 Coun. What! have we a scabb'd Sheep among us? let's clear our Flock of him.

4 Coun. Hold, Neighbour, hold, I am for you with all my Heart, but give me Leave to speak to you; I am but a Fool 'tis confess'd, but Children and Fools tell Truth sometimes, you know.

Omnes. And what of that? and what of that?

4 Coun. I say again, 'tis dangerous meddling with Edge-tools; there's store of Trees here-abouts, and there may be Gibbets made of them, and you know well enough what Fruit Gibbets bring forth; I say no more, but be careful what you do.

Omnes. Away with him, away with him.

4 Coun. One Word more Neighbours, one Word more; it is not well to mock our Superiors, much worse to threaten them; for as I have heard, there was a Suit at Law commenced about a Fart.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, how, Man, how!

4 Coun. Why, I will tell you Neighbours, be but patient; there was a Fellow, I'll not tell his Name, was pissing against the Wall; the Mayor came by; now you know the Proverb, tell a Tale to a Mare, and 'twill let a Fart; but here the Case alters, for the Fellow let the Fart, and the Mayor took it in the Nose, and caused the Fellow to be carried to the Town-Hall as Prisoner.

3 Coun. The Mayor was a Horse, or a Whoreson Knave, what's this to us?

4 Coun. Now to the Suit.

2 Coun. 'Tis worn out, we'll have none of it.

4 Coun. Neighbours lay down your Prongs, take my Devise;

\*Tis an old Proverb, be merry and wise.      Omnes.

## The Scotch Figgaries. 31

*Omnes.* Away with him, away with him, we will  
break the Cords of our Slavery. (Exeunt.)

[Enter Jocky, Folly, and Anything.]

*Fol.* Thes gis tha Doctor, I toll'd ye o Sir,  
Mickle wise an holy, my non Contremon ta Sir.

*Any.* Sir the Character

The Town receives of you, makes me ambitious  
Of your Acquaintance.

*Joc.* I complamen noot Sir, Ise down reight Scot;  
Aw Verity an Honesty.

*Any.* The better Sir.

That Language is the freest from Deceit,  
That carries most Simplicity.

*Joc.* Ne, ne, Ise not sa simple neder.

*Any.* Pardon me;  
I speak not in that Sense, but have regard  
Unto the Metaphor; I don't conclude,  
'Cause the Organ of the Soul may be infected,  
The Soul must be imperfect; for I've known  
Men rarely endu'd, that Nature has deny'd  
The Benefit of Expression to.

*Joc.* Y'ar a Scollard Sir.

*Any.* And I presume you one. I have read something  
Of the Metaphyficks, though I took not on me  
The Function, or the Practice: But, no more  
Of that Sir; 'tis not Wisdom in a Man  
Unskill'd, to hold a Weapon against a Fencer.

*Joc.* Mickle weeble sed geod Feith.

*Any.* All my Discourse  
Draws to this Period; that is, you'd be pleased  
T'afford me your Opinion; something I ail,  
But know not what, save this, a Deprivation  
Of Breath, and find it prejudicial to my Calling.

*Joc.* You ha bad Lungs Sir, whilk mack ye short  
Wund.

*Any.* I could have told you that Sir; my Defect  
Proceeds from thence; but for the Remedy—  
I know my Failings.

*Joc.* You'll saw Sir intoll a Consumption very

soon Sir, gif ye tack noought ta kepe ye fro it ; aw the Dreegs o *Rome* mon be tane fro ye.

*Fol.* Geod Feith, gif he tack ye in Hand Sir, yar aw hole.

*Joc.* Yar ta fat at Hart Sir, Pluraletes bred bet Iddlenes, an Iddleness bad Humors ; yee mon kepe a spar Diet Sir, an be brought low wy Purgations Sir, an whan tim sers ha sim Comfortives Sir.

*Any.* Sir, I shall trust my Body to your Care.

*Joc.* Bet Ise net trust me Saw to yours. *(Aside.)*

[Enter a Servant.]

*Ser.* Sir, Mr. *Soon-gull'd* desires you would come with the Doctor to him presently.

*Fol.* I fall swett Hart, my Jo ; Doctor you mon ta Mr. *Soon-gull'd* wy me.

*Any.* You are sent for Sir, I see.

*Joc.* Bet I fall ha ye in Mind Sir.

*Any.* As soon as may be—farewel Sir. *(Exit.)*

*Joc.* Fer noot Sir, fer noot. *(Exit.)*

[Enter Trapheir, Witwud, and Townshift, Drawer with Wine.]

*Draw.* This is the best Room Gentlemen.

*Witw.* It stinks of Tobacco, don't it Coz ?

*Town.* How Tobacco !

Tobacco is Companion for a Prince.

*Wit.* I take none though.

*Tra.* Then you want Education ; fill Boy, fill. Townshift to thee.

*Town.* Let it come.

[Enter a Drawer with Pipes and Tobacco.]

*Draw.* Sir, there's some Gentlemen in the next Room desires your Company.

*Town.* What are they ?

*Draw.* I think their Names be *Drawforth* and *Pinckcarcase*.

*Tra.* Plain *Drawforth* and *Pinckcarcase* ; Well admit e'm. Shall it be so Coz ?

*Wit.* I hope there'll be no quarrelling.

[Enter *Drawforth*, *Pinckcarcase*, and *Wantwit*.]

*Tra.* What if there be ?

Have

Have you not here your Men of Iron by you.  
Can you be better back'd and brested Sir ;  
Townskift, the Rogues have got a Bubble.

*Town.* The more the merrier — your Servant,  
Gentlemen.

*Drawf.* This is our Friend, and desires your Ac-  
quaintance.

*Pinck.* Gentlemen, a Man of worth, I'll assure you.

*Wit.* What Countryman I pray Sir ?

*Want.* An *Essex* Man Sir, your Servant.

*Drawf.* The better Flesh I'll warrant.

*Want.* I know not that Sir, I have nee'r been try'd.

*Wit.* Nor ne'er shall be for me.

*Pinck.* Drink, drink about.

*Town.* To thee *Drawforth*.

*Drawf.* A Health to my Friend's Mistress.

*Tra.* Well done, about with't.

*Wit.* I thank you Gentlemen.

*Tra.* What ! not begin another ?

*Wit.* I've drank too hard already ; this same Glas  
and no more : Gentlemen, your Ladies Health Sirs.

*Pinck.* Why *Traphier*, whence this Gallantry ?

*Tra.* What an idle Question  
Is that of thee ; why, who should do't, but this ?  
He sent his Taylor to take Measure of  
The Buildings of our Bodies.

*Town.* And th' Appurtenances  
Came to us by like Providence.

*Drawf.* Drink, Drink about.

*Tra.* Coz, let me give thee o're our Wine some  
Council ;  
You are a Landed Man, be careful what  
Strange Company you keep ; for there are Cheats,  
And desperate Cheats abroad, will make no Con-  
science

To bring you into Bonds, and make you sell,  
Or mortgage, all you have ; take heed good Coz,  
What Company you keep.

*Wic.* He that cheats me shall have good Luck Coz.

*Pinck.* When does your Taylor fit your Body with

A fashionable Suit ; this bears an antique  
And worn-out Date. A Gentleman of your Fortunes,  
And walk so like a Cow-driver ?

*Want.* I will have one 'gainst Sunday.

*Pinc.* Some six Yards makes me one to, let it be  
so ; ha !

*Drawf.* The like Proportion fits me, twelve us both.

*Want.* Well—it shall be done Gentle-men.

(Begins to be drunk.)

*Town.* Drink, drink about, your Friend is gone.

*Drawf.* I'll send yours after him.

*Wit.* I-must-be gone, 'tis late.

*Tra.* No sure, What by thy Watch?

*Wit.* The Hand is up-up-on-on-Twel-ve.

(He's drunk.)

*Tra.* A pretty Watch, I prithee lend it me,  
To have another made by.

*Wit.* 'Tis-a-Watch-of—Price-Coz.

*Tra.* I would not borrow it else.

*Pinc.* What Store of Chink have you ?

*Want.* Money-enough, Money-enough.

*Pinc.* Lend me a Piece or two.

*Want.* There there, Boy.

*Drawf.* The like to me Sir, come, I shall, I shall.

*Want.* There-Sir. I'll-be-gone—

*Pinc.* The House, the House, to pay.

[ Enter Drawer. ]

*Draw.* Twenty-two Shillings Gentlemen, and  
you are welcome.

*Drawf.* Make it up five and twenty, and you  
two shall cast Dice which pays it—are all Parties a-  
greed—I know our noble Friend will not be back-  
ward. (Exit.)

*Town.* Nor ours ; heroick Spirit wilt thou ?

[ Enter Drawer with Wine. ]

*Draw.* Here's more Wine, Gentlemen.

(Exit Drawer.)

*Town.* About with it, about with it.

*Drawf.* The Dice, the Dice. (They throw.)

*Tra.* Come, 'tis a good Throw Coz.

*Drawf.*

## The Scotch Figgaries. 35

*Drawf.* But that's better Sir; your Friend pays  
*Wit.* Hang him he cheated, he's a Cheat.

*Want.* Ne'er go not I, Gentlemen.

*Wit.* You lye, you lye.

*Pinc.* How, the Lye? will you take that?

*Want.* How shall I help it, pray?

*Tra.* Well done Coz.

*Wit.* —Hang him—he's—but a Country Puppy Calf.

*Pinc.* Throw a Pot at's Head.

*Want.* I shall-not-hit-him. If-I-do; I am-no-more  
Puppy-then yourself. (Throws a Pot.)

*Drawf.* Why, that was well done.

*Wit.* I'll-kick you Sirrah—I learn'd that of you  
Coz—

*Pinc.* Gallants expect to hear from us, and sud-  
denly.

*Drawf.* A Coach there.

*Wit.* I hope, they—wait—not for us—hah!

*Tra.* What if they do? we fear 'em not, pay, pay;  
Boy there's your Reckoning. Call a Coach Boy.

(*Exeunt.*)

[Enter Scarefool.]

*Scare.* Ha ye Wark for a *Scot* Sawger, wha ha  
bien aw tha Wirl'd ore on's ten Toes; fer'd aw  
Religions, an can tha better be o eny. I ha kil'd  
tha Whar o *Babylon*, Body an Saw, brent aw her  
Rawlecks wi tha Feer o Zeale. I can carry twa  
Feces under won Hood: I can be a Sent, an I can  
be a Deel, gif ye ha Wirk for me; I ha seene a  
Powre o Riches in me Deys, but ha brought  
noothing heom wi me bet St. *Andra's* Cross, *Want*,  
an Poverty.

[Enter Billy and Jocky.]

*Bil.* A Sir! the bonny Siller cam a pece, gif I  
told um a Tale, they'd ga mickle heeds; geod  
Feith won Pell fer'd aw Malades.

*Joc.* An wot Pell wos that Mon?

*Bil.* The Pell o Sedition.

*Joc.* A, ken you that Mon? tha sam set tha Ma-  
gistrat an's Wife intoll Fears and Jealousies, turn'd  
tha

tha infid o tha Kirk Mon ootwards, an noow's aw Gall, tha Ceteson gis as bitter ? tha Leyer cannot stond he's brought sa weeke wy my Purgations, and tha Curtier noot worth tha Grond a goes on ; I ha let aw his geod as weeble as his bad Bleed oout.

*Scar.* Saw ye Gentlemen, gif ye ha a Mind ta bien law'd, ken ye me Sirs ?

*Joc.* How sud we ken thee Mon ?

*Scar.* Wha, noot *Scarefool* your Contremon ?

*Bil.* Whar hast bien Mon ?

*Scar.* Aw tha Wirlde ore Sirs, an noow aw Pleeces are wary o me ; ife cam ta *Anglond* toll seeke Wirke.

*Joc.* Here's Wirke enoough gif ye bien wise ta del wy tha English Mon.

*Scar.* Geod Feith ife chet 'um thay wer ner sae chetted, show me toil 'um, whar liew thay ?

*Joc.* In th' Cety, and Contre ta ; marry, bet cam awey wy us Mon, wees tack a Drink first, an tawke mere on't.

*Bil.* Cam awey *Jo*, cam awey.

(*Exeunt.*)

## A C T IV.

[Enter *Soon-gull'd*, and his Wife *Lay-me-down*.]

*Soon.* **D**OWN with this Babel-Builder, this Court Pride,  
Dagon and his Idolaters shall down.

*Lay.* Ay, down with 'em Husband, down with 'em ; they have stood long enough ; I am sure their long standing have made you come short many a Time and often, but I hope now Husband you'll take 'em down a Button-Hole lower.

*Soon.* Am I not a Man ?

*Lay.* You think so Husband, I warrant.

*Soon.* Why, a King's no more.

*Lay.* Nay, is he that, Husband ? troth I dare to say our Man *William* is as good a Man as the best of you ;

you ; for as they say, a Man is a Man, and he has but a Nose on his Head.

*Soon.* Well, I am resolv'd *William* shall forth.

*Lay.* Forth ! how do you mean forth ? I hope you will not leave me unprovided at Home ? you know your own Busines Broad, and I am certain he can do your Busines at Home better than your self — O ! Husband, Husband, here's the Scotch Doctor.

[ *Enter Jocky, Folly, Billy, Scarefool.* ]

*Soon.* Mr. Doctor, what News Mr. Doctor ?

*Joc.* Nen geod Sir, nen geod Sir, bet me Frond ha had hes cass pul'd ore his Lugs.

*Soon.* By whom, by whom ?

*Fol.* Wha, wha, bet tha prod Prelates Sir ? is'e toll'd 'um o thair Knavery, and thay gar tack a-awey me Brawery ; bet thoough thay ha tacken awey me Cot, sithay fall ner tack awey me Conscience, that's holl an sound, an ned nen o thair Pachings o thair Preachments.

*Lay.* O wicked, wicked Children of Darknes !

*Joc.* Her's a Frond o min Sir, a Mon o Meight an Mettel, wha ha endured meny a Brunt and Storm, he fall stond betwixt ye in aw Harme.

*Soon.* I shall be glad of your Acquaintance Sir.

*Lay.* True, truly Sir, you have a Face like a Man, you'll do the Busines I warrant, let you alone, but gently to the Women Sir, for we are Twigs, and may be bow'd which way you list ; mere tender Twigs Sir.

*Scar.* Bred, bet sam o ye bien tooough enoough.

*Lay.* We are a long Time indeed a bringing up, but then we are soon cast down ; Women have tender Hearts, and tender Flesh, and tender Consciences, though noughty Men report we have none ; Husband shall they walk into the Parlour ; I do love to enter into Dialogue with these Gentlemen, they talk so prettily.

*Soon.* Ay, with all my Heart.

*Lay.* You will meet with Sir, fine Plunder among the Ladies ; you shall dine with us too—you may

may make me amends with a Court Smock; I look to wear one in Truth, they are so fine, and so perfum'd, it passes.

*Soon.* Come Sir, we'll discourse of our Affairs  
After we've din'd—you'll dine with us too Gentle-  
men?

*Joc.* Wees tack ye ot yar Word. *(Exeunt.*

[Enter Anything, and Boys following him.]

*Any.* Nay, you may do't Sirs, you may do't, you have Warrant for't; 'tis well enough known, the Pomp of the Prelates, the Whore of Babylon herself in her Feathers, the Kings of the Earth commit Fornication with her. Pluralities of Benefices make Men but idle, says Mr. Doctor, and Idleness makes you fat, and Fat makes you pursy, and so by Consequence short-winded; it is a Trick of *Rome* to starve our Religion: Let *Jezebel* be brought before the Elders, and the Whore of *Babylon* to the Whipping-Post, let her have Lash upon Lash; let her Smock be given to the Rag-men, it may come to be Paper, and her Condemnation writ in't; let the Whelps and the Cubs be brought to the Stake; bait 'um, bait 'um, bait 'um, I am your Warrant, faith Mr. Doctor.

*Boys.* Master Doctor's an Afs.

*Any.* Children you talk not like Men, you are but middling Christians, 'tis well known to the Parish.

*Boys.* That Bedlam's fit for you.

*Any.* Thoſe that will follow me, let 'um follow me.

*I am now for the Truth,  
And the Covenant in sooth.* *(Exeunt:*

*Boys.* Hi, hi, hi, Stow the Friar, stow the Friar.

*(They sing, and follow him.*

[Enter Downfal and Worn-out.]

*Down.* You see what he has brought me to, my Crutches;

I was ever held an able Man you know;  
Had my Tongue at Command, and my Head too;  
But

But now they both are so enfeebled, I  
Have scarce the Use of either; If I had  
It were all one, the Country People are  
Bewitch'd into Belief, they have as much  
Reason and Law as I, and will become  
Their own Sollicitors, and Council too.  
I cannot last long, but expect still when  
My Crutches will deceive me, and I fall  
To the Ground for ever.

*Worn.* — I am brought to nothing  
As well as you; I little thought a *Scotchman*  
Could ever have drain'd my Veins, and Purse so  
dry;

I am not worth the Ground I go on; So  
Dejected are my Thoughts, my Spirit lost,  
And all the Hopes of my Recovery  
Extinct and buried.

*Down.* I should not have known you,  
Had you not told me who you were; you are  
So changed from yourself. Oh those were Times,  
Worthy to call to mind, (though to our Grief,)  
When you and I, like Twins, deriv'd a Being  
From one another's Sustenance. The Monopolies  
That you projected, and I perfected!  
Like two expert Limners, the one employ'd  
To fashion the Face, the other to finish it.

*Worn.* — Ay, those were Times indeed, but all  
I got

Then, has been since consumed; and I guess  
You are not much the better; I am weary  
I protest of my Life, and would thank him  
Would do me so much Good as take it from me.

*Down.* — Patience is the best Remedy, where no  
Better can be obtain'd; 'tis vain to crave  
The Thing we want when 'tis not to be had;  
Your dancing Days are done, and all the Breath  
The *Scot* has left me scarce will heat my Fingers.

*Worn.* — And my Affliction does the more in-  
crease  
To see my Friends disabl'd, as I am,

From

From helping one another, 'tis a Grief  
That's inexpressible, and not for Cure.

*Down.* — What Fortune sonrs, Content must  
sweeten, he

Is the best Man o'ercomes his Misery. (Exeunt.

[ Enter Smalfeith and his Wife. ]

*Smal.* — For my Part, I am but a Man, and I  
owe but a Death, let them take it, as they say  
they will, give 'um good on't, let them come, let  
them come—where are they? Stand, stand, stand.

*Wife.* Husband now you talk of standing, pray  
let me lie down, and then let 'em do their worst,  
I defy 'em.

*Smal.* — And so do I, we'll to the Terret, Wo-  
man, and there we are secur'd against Devil and  
Pursuivant.

*Wife.* — I'm weary'd off my Legs with doing no-  
thing but running up and down in e'ry Nooke  
and Corner, like a Rat for Fear of Catching.

*Smal.* — They are coming, they are coming ;  
let me come in Woman, let me come in.

*Wife.* I would you would come in Husband  
once, you have been out long enough to small  
Purpose I'm sure. (Exeunt.

[ Enter Surehold and Resolution. ]

*Ref.* Believe it, their Design aims at our Ruin ;  
And tho' the Cord may be somewhat finer  
Than ordinary, 'twill choke us at the last ;  
I hold naked Freedom better far  
Than an adorned Prison ; Golden Fetteres  
And Iron ones produce the like Effect,  
What differs them is but Curiosity.

*Sure.* Into what a Lethargy has these rabble *Scots*  
Betray'd the People's Senfes ? tell them on't  
And they'll abuse you for't. Nay, though they see  
Distraction brcught into their very Doors,  
They'll look on't, and not know it till they feel it,  
And then will tamely kiss the Rod that whipt 'em.  
A Nation proud and arrogant as the Beggar,  
That when h'as got a Bonnet above his wearing,

Will

## The Scotch Figgaries. 41

Will scarce bow to the Giver. All the Service  
They ever did this Nation was to help  
The People eat their Victuals, and share their  
Fortunes.

*Ref.* Th' are good for nought, but to eat, louze,  
and sleep,

And stink a Street up: Tell you Stories of  
*Don John of Austria*, the Mogul, Great Cham,  
Their Valour at *Madril, Levant*, or where  
You will; and this in some blind Chimney Corner  
In Fume and Smoke, rouz'd up with lanted Ale,  
Till that their Faces do resemble the Towns  
They set on fire; and yet dare not encounter  
A Rat or Weezel.

*Sure.* — Yet the World reports  
Them, Men for Siege the best, and can endure  
The greatest Hardship.

*Ref.* Very true, if they  
May but lie still they'll feed on one another,  
Rather than venture on their Enemy  
To get the least Provision, and indeed  
The worst will serve their Turn, for they are Men  
Love any thing but beating, yet they'll take  
That too if need be; take 'em down a little,  
And you may fillip dead a Score of them.  
It is a Shame the *English* should become  
Such Mules to such base Burthens; I'm resolv'd  
To turn the Chance of the Day that favours them,  
Though to the Hazard of my Being.

*Sure.* — 'Twill  
Be tane a Piece of Service fit for Chronicle,  
And you shall want no Furtherance.

*Ref.* If I bring not  
The Soldiers, Doctors, and their Crew of Cheaters  
As tamely to be hang'd as Puppy Dogs,  
Let me receive no Credit from you after. (*Exeunt.*  
[Enter Soon-gull'd and a Seminary Priest, going to  
weigh the Covenant with the Pope's Bull.]

*Soon.* Sir, though I hate your Bulls, and your  
Decoys,

And

And know you have two Ends to all your Ways;  
I fear you not, for Truth will shew her self  
In Spight of all the Clouds you cast upon her.

*Sem.* You are in th' Right. Truth will appear,  
and that

To th' Shame of your trim'd Covenant; for though  
She be but plain, she is more glorious  
Than all the Gloss and Colours that set forth  
That new Devise, created to deceive  
Poor simple People, and at last your selves.

*Soon.* These are but bandying, I'll pursue my Wa-  
ger.

*Sem.* I'll venture Ten Pound more y'are lost in  
weight.

*Soon.* You'll lose your self Sir, with your Confi-  
dence.

*Sem.* Bar Treachery and I care not. *(Exeunt.*

[Enter Trapheir, Witwud, and Townshift.]

*Wit.* I cannot endure this fighting Coz, a Dad.

*Tra.* Pox take your Dad; is that an Oath for a  
Gentleman?

A Lad at Ten swears more profoundly; you'll  
Be quarrelling, and then you dare not fight;  
As though I were a Wall of Steel or Brafs,  
To stand betwixt you and receive the Darts  
Cast at you; Sir, why did your Cowship send  
An Answer to your Challenge, if you found  
Your Blood so cool and phlegmattick?

*Wit.* Twas your doing, — I had not had the  
Heart else. *(Aside.*

*Town.* For Preservation of your Honour, Sir,  
Could you do less than answer him?

*Wit.* What was he  
That brought the Challenge?

*Town.* Pinckarcase by Name.

*Wit.* a devilish Name, and full of devilish Ends;  
This Fighting is not lawful; prithee Coz  
Take up the Matter, I have little maw to't.

*Town.* What, now the Hostage Reputation  
Is past, will you recant, renage, revoke,

*Recoil,*

Recoil, revert? stand to your Principles.

\* *Wit.* I shall not stand an Inch of Ground believe me.

*Tra.* 'Tis pity th'art worth any; let me see,  
How shall we do't with Honour?

*Wit.* 'Tis no Matter  
For that thing Honour? let her walk alone,  
I don't desire her Company on such Terms,  
Sweet Coz, sweet Coz.

*Tra.* Let me see — I'm resolv'd  
That you shall fight him.

*Wit.* Coz, I had forgot  
I swear, a strange Infirmity, that is  
I sound when as I hear a Gun shot off,  
And tremble at a Pistol's, all my Senses  
Become as useless.

*Town.* Why, 'twas your own Motion.  
*Wit.* No Matter, 'tis but so many Charges lost,  
I will not fight with Bullets, I've more Conscience.  
*Tra.* Why, then you must prepare a Case of Ra-  
piers,  
For *Town* and myself; ours are grown dull  
With often usage.

*Wit.* Oh the better Coz!  
They'll do less Mischief.

*Tra.* Then your Fencing Master  
Must make you at your Chamber fit for th' Field.

*Wit.* That's past his Skill I'm sure; more Charges  
Coz.

*Tra.* It cannot be avoided, if you mean  
To fight on Foot, and put off your Horse Combat.

*Wit.* In my Mind 'tis Horse-play to fight on  
Foot;

But heark you Coz, don't you make winking at  
That Weapon ye call sharp, I'm not so set.

*Tra.* Fie, winking, no, how will you see to hit  
him?

*Wit.* No matter so he hit not me; but mayn't I  
Bar Points being the Challenged?

*Tra.* That's base, and Player-like.

*Wit.*

*Wit.* I'd rather play so, than work otherwise.

*Town.* Come, come, resolve, you know the Time draws near.

*Wit.* I would it did not, I love not to think on't. Can we throw nothing in Time's Way to make Him stumble and stop a little.

*Tra.* Resolve upon your Weapons ere he be Furnish'd with Horse and Pistols.

*Town.* I'll lay my Life he's that already, then 'Twill be unworthy in you to —

*Wit.* Good Sir, talk not to me of Worthies, my Father was none of the Nine; he ne'er kept Company with your Huff's, nor Puffs; he could drink in a Tavern and ne'er quarrel about the Reckoning; he liv'd without Knocks, and in the Love of the Parish.

*Tra.* But he has left a quarrelsome Son behind Must pay for all.

*Wit.* I shan't stand much upon That Point, so I may be discharg'd from Beatings. Methinks a Skin set out with Eylet Holes Appears not handsome, nor a Face to be Painted with Black and Blew; I hate those Colours.

*Town.* What will you give him shall take up the Business without Loss to your Honour?

*Wit.* A Man cannot lose That which he never had? My Father was A Man of Bags, and might have been a Knight When Knighthoods went a begging.

*Town.* But to the Matter, What say you to my Proposition?

*Wit* Troth, It sounds well, let me see now what in Conscience You will demand?

*Town.* But Twenty Pieces.

*Wit.* So!

To save a Man from beating; very good! How many such d'ye meet with in the Year?

*Town.* Hundreds, Hundreds Sir.

*Tra.* Men must live Coz, Men must live.

*Wit.* Any where but on me (good Coz;) but Sir, Before

Before my Coz here, I'll give you ten.

*Tra.* Ten is too little in all Conscience Coz.

*Town.* Consider Sir the Danger.

*Wit.* And the Charge

Already I've been for Horse and Pistols ;  
But those I hope you will return me, when  
The Peace is made.

*Tra.* Not one, expect not one,  
Th'are forfeit Goods to us Lords of the Soil.

*Town.* 'Tis true, y'ave been at Charges, and for  
that

Reason I'll undertake it at your Rate ;  
Forbid, but I should bear a Conscience too.

Meet us at the Mairmaid.

*Tra.* At the Hour of Twelve.

*Town.* The precise Time.

*Tra.* Cozen, he will deserve it.

*Wit.* Would I had his Art

To live by when I and my Fortunes part. *(Exeunt.*

[ *Enter Wantwit, Drawforth, Pinckcarcase.* ]

*Pinck.* He is the Challenged, and justly may  
Design the Way of Fighting, and the Place ;  
But though you have provided us with Horses,  
Swords, Pistols, and so-forth, yet there's a Thing  
Call'd Money we do want, put the Case he should  
Fall by your Hand, in what a Case were we ?

*Drawf.* Suppose that you should fall ?

— Ay, there's the Danger.

*Drawf.* We must fly for't, and that we cannot do  
Conveniently, without a Sum ; the Oratory  
Of Silver makes our Passage free and safe,  
The want of it detains us ; open, open  
Your close-mouth'd Bags, and let them speak to us.

*Want.* Troth Gentlemen, I'll tell you, and I lie not,  
Th'ave got a Hoarseness since they came to Town,  
And speak so low a Man can hardly hear 'em.

*Pinck.* One Mortgage Sir will raise their Voice again.

*Want.* Well, well, he might have ta'ne another  
Way

To work ; had I been he, and he been me,

I would have ask'd him Mercy.

*Drawf.* But you see

He is a Man of Spirit, Spirit, Sir !

*Want.* I would he had no more than I; a Gnat  
Is better furnish'd; I have heard my Mother  
Protest, and solemnly, I had a Heart  
No bigger than a Hazel-Nut.

*Pinc.* — Why saw she't?

*Want.* No, but she felt it; 'tis an Imperfection  
In Nature I can't help, and 'tis as cold  
I warrant as a Cucumber.

*Drawf.* And riseth  
So little in your Stomach!

*Mant.* Troth as little  
As may be Sir; how shall I heat it Gentlemen?

*Drawf.* Drink Wine and Drab.

*Want.* Why, So I do, you know;  
Yet when the Flame of drinking's o'er, I fall  
Into the Noose of Taverns, like a Pidgeon.

*Pinc.* Only then y'ad best fight when y'are drunk.

*Want.* And so  
Be hang'd when I am sober; no, I bear  
Too great a Conscience.

*Drawf.* If it be a Burthen  
Too hard to bear, we'll teach you how to throw  
It off, and live as we do without any.

*Want.* Take up this Quarrel Gentlemen, and have  
My Heart for ever.

*Pinc.* What to do, to throw to  
The Hounds you starve? yet that so little, 'twill  
Not be a Mouthful; 'tis your Money we  
Value the most, let your Heart go as it came.

*Want.* Why, I shall mortgage next Week.

*Pinc.* Are you serious?  
May we give Credit to you?

*Mant.* I've Occasion.

*Drawf.* Thou shalt have more rather than want,  
my Bully;  
We are thy Guardians; who assaults our Ward  
Suffers, unless he be on a sure Guard. *(Exeunt.*

A C T

A C T V.

Enter Jocky and Billy.

*Billy.* **B**RED, thos *Anglif* ar Deeles, w'are aw lost Men; aw oour Knavery is oout, nen wull tack oour Parts; tha Cetezens hong thare Heds doown lick Bull Rushes, an won noot bien sen for us.

*Joc.* Hoow cam thay in tha Deeles Nam sa aw o won Mind? Ife sur Ife ded whot Ife cud toll mack 'um het on oder ta Deeth; tha Deeles fer 'um, thar lick Serpans, that gif ye smit 'um asunder wull joyne agen.

[ Enter Scarefool *with his Sword drawn.* ]

*Scare.* W'are aw lost, sheft, sheft, tha Deeles a coming toll tare tha Covenant, sha yeere Heeles, sha yeere Heeles, spang awey Sirs, spang awey.

(*Exit running.*)

*Joc.* Ons gif tha Men o War flee, whar fall we hid our sellis.—Aw Sir, Sir.

[ Enter Resolution *with two or three Soldiers.* ]

*Ref.* Take them into your Custody, they are Your lawful Prize. (Exit.)

*Bil.* A Sirs, a Sirs, geod Feith wees ment ne bad.

*I Sol.* What Mr. Doctors' have we found you? Who can cure the Citizen of his Head-ach but the Scotch Doctor? Who their Wives of the Tooth-ach but the Scotch Doctor? The Scotch Doctor is all in all; the Kirk will take no Physick but of the Scotch Doctor; the Country will be cheated by none but by the Scotch Doctor; the Court and Gentry will be beggar'd by none but the beggarly Scotch Doctors; come away and be hang'd. (Exit.)

*Joc.* Bil. Mercy Sirs, Mercy, Mercy, Mercy.

[ Enter Scarefool *running with his Sword drawn.* ]

*Scare.* Hawd, hawd, hawd, hawd Sir. (He trembles.)

*Ref.* Nay, I don't intend To take the Advantage of you as I may,

I owe a greater Honour to true Valour ;  
 I heard nobly of your Countrymen,  
 And therefore to assure my self Report  
 Yes not I have expos'd my Person to  
 This single Hazard. (be trembles.)

*Scar.* A Sir I dee leov you.

*Resol.* And I shall love thee too, if that I find  
 You prove as gallant as you've spoke yourself :  
 Consider what Dependances are on you,  
 Whom you've involv'd by your large Promises  
 To this Engagement ; let them see you dare  
 Do something for their Money.

*Scar.* Be me Saw Sir

Y'are a mickle Gallant Mon, Ise thra me Swerd an  
 Hert at your Feet Sir.

*Resol.* That's base, not Soldier-like ; Submissiveness  
 In this Case speaks you Coward, and if so,  
 My Breath has been ill spent; what, will you fight ?

*Scar.* Noot a neust ye Sir, geod Feith I leove a  
 Anglisch Mon wy aw my Hert. A Sir, A Sir, send  
 aw reight, send aw reight — her tack me Weppon,  
 Ise your non Prisoner Sir geod Feith.

*(He offers his Sword.)*

*Resol.* Since thou art so base,  
 And not fit for a noble Treaty, take  
 This, this, and this. (kicks him.)

*Scar.* A geod Sir, use me like a Gentlemon.

*Resol.* A Gentleman, a Swineheard, hang ye, go,  
(kicks him.)

The Bubble's broke the Wind gave Being to.  
(Exeunt.)

*Within.*

Y'are welcome Gentlemen, shew a Room there Boy.  
 [Enter Trapheire, Witwud, Townshift, and Drawer.]

*Tra.* Sirrah, there will some Gentlemen ask for us,  
 Direct 'em hither.

*Draw.* I shall Sir ; what's your Wine ?

*Town.* Sack, Boy, the quickning Sack ; and such  
 Tobacco

As may inspire a Spirit into Clay,

Quick,

Quick, and as sharp as Lightning.

*Wit.* Oh good Sir,

I can't endure to think upon a Storm ;  
Talk not of Lightning, it does bode some Quar-  
relling ?

The calmest Language is the best, when there's  
A Peace intended.

[Enter Drawforth, Pinckcarcase, Wantwit, and  
Drawer with Wine.]

*Tra.* Here they come ; now Coz  
For your Honour seem somewhat averse  
To an Agreement ; carry yourself stoutly,  
With an unalter'd Countenance.

*Wit.* 'Tis not in  
The Power of human Frailty.

*Tra.* — Gallants welcome ;  
Y'are Men I see for Credit.

*Want.* What must I say ?

*Drawf.* Carry your self manly.

*Want.* What would I give now for an Inch of Man-  
hood !

( *Drawf.* *Tra.* *Town.* and *Pinck.* whisper.  
How he does Eye me ! would I had a Look  
But half so piercing, I'd encounter then  
With Basiflisks ; it carries Daggers in't  
Will penetrate a Coat of Mail ; there is  
No Safety but in Distance.

( *Witwud* and *Wantwit* stare at one another.

*Wit.* How he looks at me !  
With such an angry Countenance, as though  
He meant to satisfy himself upon me ;  
But if he knew but what a piece of Flesh  
He had to deal with, he'd not be so greedy ;  
I was not cut out for a Royster ; sure  
Nature ne'er meant me for the Field, unless  
To call my Cattle Home, or try my Hounds.  
I am so great an Enemy to a Sword,  
I wear none when I ride : Oh, how yon Fellow  
Would spur me like a Mushroom, could he get  
Me but alone ; but he shall be hang'd first.

C

*Tra.*

*Tra.* What, all this while and speak not to each other?

Why, you have Hearts of Oak: Not bow, dear Coz!

*Wit.* I cannot help it.

*Town.* Come, we must have you Friends.

*Want.* With all my Heart Sir.

*Wit.* How's this? the Man's bewitch'd; See what the Gold can do.

*Wit.* If you please Sir, I am your humble Servant.

*Tra.* And what say you Coz?

*Wit.* Hum, I smell't, 'tis so,

The Fellow is a Coward on my Life.

Are they not all so? 'tis a Blessing then.

*Drawf.* Come Sir, our Friend is willing to pass by All the Affronts you gave him, if you'll wave His Challenge.

*Wit.* I'll wave nothing but my Sword Against my Enemy.

*Town.* Shall we be Friends?

*Wit.* A friendly Blood runs not yet current in me; Be challenged by a Dunghil-Cock? I scorn it.

*Tra.* Why, this is rare! Coz, I'll spit in thy Mouth.

*Pinc.* Sir, 'tis your Friend's Desire as well as ours To prevent Bloodshed.

*Wit.* — Let such Things as you, That dare not waste their Blood, be sparing on't; For my Part, I'll not value it if he tap From me a Pail-full.

*Tra.* Who the Devil conjur'd Up such a Spirit in him?

*Pinc.* Your Friend's grown — Take him down, or by this Light I'll kick him.

*Tra.* Pough, let me alone for that.

*Want.* The Gentleman grows angry, I'll be gone. (To Drawforth.

*Drawf.* Hang him, a Coward, a meer Coward, Friend.

*Want.*

*Want.* How, a Coward! he speaks not like one;  
I would his Hands were ty'd behind him, I  
Would make a Trial on't; but he has Teeth  
Strong as the Tusks of Boars, and Legs more stiff  
And big than any Bed-Post; I should do  
No good upon him.

*Tra.* Come Coz, throw  
Your ranting Habit off, the Scene of War  
Is past, and now put on your Robe of Amity,  
The Bride-Garment of Peace.

*Wit.* — Peace! who shall Peace?  
'Tis Sawciness to tell me so.

*Tra.* How's this!  
You Worm! 'flight, if I lay my Hands  
Upon you once, I'll tear you into nothing,  
You cowardly simple Puppy. Sirrah, I'll—

*(He takes him by the Shoulder.)*

*Wit.* Not so loud good Coz;  
You know I have but follow'd your Directions.

*Tra.* Be hang'd, and over done it, ha'n't you  
Sirrah?  
The Gentlemen shall know you have not Spirit  
To look a Cat in the Face, if that you be not  
More sociable.

*Wit.* — Good Cozen I'll do any thing.

*Tra.* Well, I have brought him to't with much  
ado;

Here, shake Hands, Sir, you must be Friends.

*(Takes Wantwit by the Hand and brings him to Witwud.)*

*Wit.* Well, if I must, I must, Patience is a Virtue,  
And I'll embrace it—I am your Friend, Sir.

*Want.* I shall never be your Foe, Sir.

*Wit.* So said, and so done Sir, will do well.

*Tra.* The Rascal acts it handsomely.

*Pinc.* To your Credit:

Ours is the filliest Rogue.

*[Enter Drawer.]*

*Drawf.* Boy, more Wine;  
Would we had Musick here to celebrate  
This Nuptial.

52      *The Scotch Figgaries.*

*Draw.* I will fend for some.

*Tra.* Do so; come, here's to the married Couple.

[ Enter Fidlers. ]

*Wit.* I do believe we both can't get a Boy  
Will prove a Soldier.

*Pinc.* Ah Sirrah, are you there?

*Fid.* I am your own Man, Sir.

*Pinc.* Let's have a good Air, but drink first.

*Town.* Drink about Gallants, what the Musick  
dulls you;

Hast e'er a new Song Fellow?

*Fid.* Yes, of the Scots coming into England.

*Tra.* That, that by all Means.

*Fid.* Please you to hear me—'tis but a Ballad put  
to

One of their own Tunes.

*Pinc.* The better, the better, let's hear't.

S O N G.

**C**AM lend, lend y'ar Lugs Joes, an Ise speeke a  
Song.

Sing beom agen Jocky, sing beom agen Jocky,  
O bes bonny Deeds, an bes Prowes emong;

Sing beom agen, beom agen, O valent Jocky.

Sirs Jocky's a Mon held o mickle Note,

Sing beom agen Jocky, &c.

Tha Breech o tha Covenant stuck in bes Throte;

Sing beom agen, beom agen, &c.

For Jocky wes riteous, whilke ye wad admire;

Sing beom agen, &c.

He foought for tha Kirke, bet a plunder'd tha Quire;

Sing beom agen, beom agen, &c.

An Jocky waxt roth an toll Anglond a cam,

Sing beom agen, &c.

Fro whance he'd returne, bet alack a is lam;

Sing beom agen, beom agen, &c.

An

An Jocky wes armed fro Top toll Toe,  
Sing heom agen, &c.

Wi a Poowre o Men, an th'are geod Duke I tro;  
Sing heom agen, heom agen, &c.

Sa valent I wis thay wer, an sa prat,  
Sing heom agen, &c.

Ne Cock nor Hen durst stond in their Gat;  
Sing heom agen, heom agen, &c.

In every Streete thay ded sa flutter,  
Sing heom agen, heom agen, &c.

Ne Child dorst shaw hes Bred an Buttter;  
Sing heom agen, heom agen, &c,

Noow whan oour Feres thay herd on ore Night;  
Sing heom agen, &c.

Next Morn thay barnest themsels for a Fight;  
Sing heom agen, heom agen, &c.

There Deuke was tha Mon that wad be sen stoote,  
Sing heom agen, &c.

He feece't us a while, strel twurn'd Arfs aboot;  
Sing heom agen, heom agen, &c.

Our Men that ater thes valent Scot sweat,  
Sing heom agen, &c.

Had ner fond him oout bet by a strong Sent,  
Sing heom agen, heom agen, O valent Jocky.

Tra. Ha, ha, it's good enough for the Subject.  
[Enter Drawer.]

Pinc. Drink about, drink about; More Wine Boy;  
Here Witwud to thee.

Town. Let's discharge the Musick.

Wit. With all my Heart.

Town. There you Rascals.

Fid. Thank you Gentlemen. (Exeunt Fidlers.)

Drawf. Trapheir to thee.

Tra. Let it come, a Pint and thou dar'st:

Pinc. Art mad, Trapheir is drunk enough, he'll be  
Not Company for a Dog immediately.

Tra. To your Mightiness Sir.

Pinc. I shall pledge your Highness — to you Sir.

Wit. Excuse me pray Sir, I am almost spent.

Pinc. Not pledge me!

Tra. No, he shall not pledge you Sir;

What then? he is my Friend.

Pinc. But why should he

Be more excus'd then ours? will you drink for him?

Tra. Not, neither Sir.

Pinc. Then he shall pledge me Sir.

Tra. He shall not Sir.

Town. Nay Trapheir, what dost mean?

(Pinc. throws the Pot at him.

Tra. Hang him Turd — are you good at that Sir? I shall return you Answer by this Messenger. (Draws.

Wit. Good Coz no fighting; I will drink a Gallon Rather than lose One Drop of Blood — it is Too precious for the Floor to drink. (Enter Drawer.

Draw. Gentlemen your Noise has drawn Soldiers into the House, they are coming up; as many as can, get into that little Closet.

Pinc. I would not be in Custody for a Million; The Road, the Road —

[Tra. Pinc. Town. and Drawf. get in.

Drawf. That's all our Faults, in, in.

Wit. Where shall we be?

[Enter Soldiers.]

Sold. Where's all these Huffs — what you two make this Noise? hurl Pots, break Glasses, you are Youths indeed; Is this a Time of Night for you to rant in? come you must with us. (Exeunt.

Want. Nay good Gentlemen —

[Enter Drawer.]

Drawf. Gentlemen you may come forth, the Coast is clear.

Tra. Where's the two Gentlemen?

Draw. They've ta'en 'em with 'em.

Pinc. Did they pay the Reckoning.

Draw. No Sir.

Tra.

The Scotch Figgaries. 55

Tra. A Pox upon you, why did you not ask 'em for't?

Draw. I durst not Sir, for Fear they should say, The rest of their Company was above.

Pinc. 'Tis right, the Devil's on't, this was your doing Trapheir, will you pay the Reckoning now?

Tra. Not a Penny, I'll keep unto my Oath, throw who shall dip or pay if you will. ( *Townshift throws.*

Pinc. Here's Dice, throw — Twelve — hang ye Rascal — Now my Chance — 'tis passable — throw.

( *Pinc. throws. Drawf. throws.*

Drawf. Mine is the worst.

Tra. But mine's the worst of all — Sirrah, Boy, will you take this Cloak for your Reckoning?

Draw. I know not Sir whether I shall or not.

Tra. You shall not Sir, now you know, as long as such Spankers last ; what's to pay ? ( *shews his Money.*

Draw. But Thirty Shillings Sir.

Tra. Death ! but Thirty say it thou ? well there 'tis, I shall be even with some Body.

Town. This was handsome Trapheir. ( *Exeunt.*

[Enter two or three Servitors, Domuch, Surehold, Resolution, Scarefool, Jocky, Billy, Smallfaith, and his Wife, Soon-gull'd and his Wife, Anything, Downfall, Wornout, Seminary, publick Notary. ]

Ser. Make Room for the Magistrates ;

The Prisoners there —

Do. Which are the Prisoners ?

Resol. These Sir.

Joc. Bil. Mercy, Mercy, Master Judge.

Sure. What are those ?

Resol. The Subjects on which these Villians practis'd their Subtilties and Deceits ; first, I shall tender my Charge against 'em, than produce my Evidence.

Do. Very well, very well, proceed.

Resol. In brief Sir then, they have infected most Part of this Nation ; here's a Thing,

( Pointing to Small.  
A Man of Reputation once, and bore

A Place amongst you.

*Sure.* I do pity him.

*Resol.* And now is fit for no Place except Bedlam:  
Here is another, a Man you would think

(*To Anything.*)

The Devil would not work upon, and yet  
These Scotch Ones have. The Lawyer Father of  
Contrivances, is noos'd in one himself;  
He cannot stand without his Crutches, and  
His Head's so light his Nose is every Minute  
Ready to touch the Ground.

*Sure.* What is that Gentleman? (*To Wornout.*)

*Resol.* Do you conceive him one? have they left  
ought

Upon him like a Creature? may we swear  
He is a perfect Man, no Ghost? 'tis hard.  
The Hurryings he has had with sleepless Eyes,  
Continual Purgations, Bleedings, what not,  
That they could but invent to bring him low;  
He's all's left of a Courtier, and deserves  
Your Pity; there's no double Doors betwixt  
His Heart now and your Eyes; he's so transparent  
You may see through him. 'Tis not these alone  
Th'ave brought to this, but all the Country People,  
Both common Sort, and Gentry.

*Do.* What say you for your selves?

*Joc. Bil.* Mercy, Mercy, Mercy, wees leove tha  
Anglisch mickle weele.

*Sure.* Yes it appears so; wee'll requite your Love,  
But cannot say, with your own Coin, because  
You never were worth any, but we'll find  
A Way to pay you Home.

*Resol.* When they had thus  
Spread their Infection, they began to think  
Their Safety would not last without the Soldier  
And to that End and Purposes do persuade  
The giddy People, which they had before  
Distemper'd with their Poisons, to receive  
This Man of Feather, as their grand Protector:  
They take him, and to Covenant they go;

## The Scotch Figgaries. 57

Two Hundred Thousand Pounds! (a Sum would buy Their Kingdom) must be raised and paid to them.

*Do.* Very fine.

*Resol.* But mark Sir the Event,  
I am resolv'd to open what they did  
For all this Money.

*Do.* Twill do well indeed.

*Resol.* They gave a Piece of Paper, in the which Were strange Things promis'd then, As if that all The Courage of the World contracted were In their, and but their Nation.

*Sure.* And what found you?

*Resol.* I now proceed to that; I found 'em Sir, Like Bull-Rushes, that tremble if the Wind But blow on them, they run and tumbl'd o'er The Necks of one another, like to Tiles A Storm forces from Houses Tops; this any thing But Man, who own'd the Name of their Protector, In the most abject'ft Manner, and beneath The Spirit of a Man, threw at my Feet His Sword, and himself too, on single Terms, Without a Stroke; *Scarefool* they call him, and They must be Citizens or none that fear him; A Rat shall make him run to his own Country.

*Scare.* Ise a Gentlemon Sir, mind ye me? Ise gang toll me non Contre wy aw me Hert gif you wul.

*Sure.* Not in such Haste Sir, we'll reserve you for Another Purpose — take him hence to Prison.

*Scare.* Tha faw Deel fier thot Tong.

*(He is carried off.)*

*Resol.* What think you Sir that Paper cost so much, Is worth in Weight? here's One will tell you Sir.

*Pub.* No. I am a Publick Notary by Profession, And dare speak Nothing but the Truth; the Wa-  
ger

Past on this Gentleman's Side, the Pope's Bull weigh-  
ed

It down by much, the other was not worth  
In Weight a Penny Loaf.

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Sure.*

*Sure.* But what makes you here Sir ?

*Sem.* Not to Harm Sir.

*Do.* Stay not here upon

Your Peril Sir, your Bulls have too long Tails.

*Sem.* I stay but for a Wind Sir. (Exit Seminary

*Soon.* I must confess we have been much deluded,  
Cheated, and cozen'd by these perjur'd *Scots*,  
Under the Shew of Zeal and Honesty.

*Lay.* Hang 'em Rogues, they complain they are  
pillaged; you made 'em not bare enough Sirs, you  
should have taken their Skins off too, they would  
have made Monsters of us; but truly my Husband is  
a natural Man, and I am his own Wife; I hope you  
do not think we are otherwise than we should be.

*Mrs. Small.* I have a Husband here too, help his  
Head, he was a Man once, and I was Woman, as  
this Gentleman the Courtier knew well enough, but  
now I am no Body, thank you Pick-purses; Pray  
Spare 'em not, I'm sure they would not spare me  
when Time was, do what I could.

*Sure.* Take them hence, there will be Order shortly  
To pack 'em to some Foriegn Parts; they are  
But Caterpillars, and what Place soe'er  
They come at will be th' worse for't; take 'em hence.

*Joc. Bil.* A Mercy, Mercy, Mercy. (Exeunt Scots.

*Omnes.* You have done Justice.

*Sure.* Y'ave seen these *Scots* disected Gentlemen,  
And what d'ye find 'em now to be, but Rascals?  
Meer Mountebanks, that have instead of Cure  
Bred strange Dieases, and Distempers 'mongst you;  
Jugglers, that look'd you in the Face, and told  
You a fine Tale, to keep your Senses busy,  
While they did pick your Pockets.

*Lay.* Our Pockets say you Sir? Ay, and some-  
thing else too, could

They have come at it; but soft, soft, two Words  
to a Bargain.

*Sure.* Master *Smalafait*, We shall do what lies in us,  
Upon your Recantation, to bring  
You into Favour with the Commonwealth,

And

And seat you as before, as capable  
Of her Preferment.

*Smal.* I thank you.

*His Wife.* Blessing on your Hearts,

*Sure.* We make the same Profession Sir, to you  
On the like Terms. You may do much  
Upon the giddy People, by the Example  
Of your own Reformation.

*Any.* Sir, I shall  
Do what befits an honest Man abus'd,  
And Servant to the Commonwealth.

*Do.* And you Sir,  
Are not exempted here the Benefit  
Of Favour if you will take hold of it.

*Soon.* I thank you.

*Lay.* Ay, and hold it fast Husband; had I a  
good Thing to handle, I'd make much on't a long  
Time I warrant you.

*Sure.* As for these Gentlemen here, Master  
*Down fall,*  
And Master *Worn-out*, we shall do our best  
To set the one upon his Legs again,  
And restore th'other, though not to his full  
Ability, yet to a Health contentable.

*Down.* *Worn.* We are your Servants.

*Sure.* When all our Minds and Hearts are firmly  
knit  
Let the *Scot* do his Worst, by Sword or Wit,  
*(Exeunt.*

*F I N I S.*

3.1.7.2.1

